Biowly on all attainment or defeat

The day dies out far in the darkening west; Leaving the earth, its golden stage complete, To muse an hour away, then sink to rest: Dark earth-the heavens yet touched with

sunset giow; Brightness above, and hushed, submissive calm below.

Hushed is the world of toil. In every place A wealth of healing silentness doth lie, Or sounds more still than silence fill the space Beneath that far infinity of sky;

And softly shines the evening star on one Whose day lies spent, a chronicle of things undone.

Even regret, in this calm air and mild, Bears little of its wonted anguish deep: One long drawn breath of sorrow, as the child

Preludes a sad, sweet sinking into sleep, Then peace. Night registers defeat again; But what was I, that I should struggle and attain?

-Mary Colborne-Veel, in the Atlantic.

All's Well That Ends Well.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

let 'em have their own way.' "Oh, yes, I know," said Leona, clasping her hands. "But that old Leghorn hat, with the crown like a stove-pipe and the front like a wash-hands basin!

could tolerate that? And everybody laughs when she comes into church." "Let 'em laugh," shrewdly remarked Myra. "I'd be willing folks should laugh at me if I was worth thirty thousand dollars and owned the Bliven Mills into

the bargain." Myra Manton was "hired help" at the Bliven Farm-a stout New Englander of fifty summers, with hair cut short, no visible waist, and snapping black eyes.

Leona was old Mrs. Bliven's niece—a

slim girl of eighteen, with a balsam-pink complexion, dreamy gray eyes, and teeth white and even as small pearls.

In the eyes of James Bliven, the old lady's son, Leona was fairest of all created beings. Even Myra Manton allowed "that she was sorter nice to look at!" As for Mrs. Bliven herself, she expressed no opinion whatever; Mrs. Bliven was not a person who talked much.

"She's come to make me a visit," said Mrs. Bliven one day to Myra. "I suppose, if she suits me, I shall ask her to stay for good and all."

"If you don't, I suppose Jim will," said Myra, with a shrewd twinkle of her

"As it happens, I'm the mistress of this house," said Mrs. Bliven. "Well, we'll see how she suits."

And neither Myra the solid, nor Leona the sylphlike, knew, as they sat on the sunshiny doorstep, slicing great, red-hearted peaches to dry for winter use, that Mrs. Bliven, from the garret window above, where she was looking over her balls of carpet-rags, could distinctly hear every word they uttered.

"Myra," said Leona, as she replenished her pan from the great bushel basket, "I'm going to tell you something."

"Tell ahead!" succinctly retorted Myra. "I've got such an idea!"

", What is it?"

"Well, one of my schoolmates at Hanover Hall had a grandmother. And her grandmother had just such a Noah's Ark of a bonnet as Aunt Bliven." "Humph!" said Myra, peeling dili-

gently away. "And she and her sister took a pair of lost." shears and snipped it up into bits and made the grandmother believe

that the rats did it. "Must have been a credulous old creetur," observed Myra.

"Oh, no; but it was really such a neat job. Don't you think, Myra, we might you talking about?"

dispose of the old Leghorn hat in some such way?" "No, I don't!" said Myra, spearing a peach on the end of her knife and begin- you s'pose done it?"

ning artistically to remove its pink-velvet jacket. Leona sighed, and went on with her work. Myra Manton paused to call her frolicsome little terrier off from a brood

of half-grown turkey poults who were foraging around the barn door. "I do wish," she said, curtly, "that Cappen John Jackson hadn't sent me that plaguey beast to take care on till he come back from that voyage to Fayal. If he

hurts any of the fowls, I expect Mrs. Bliven'll murder me." "Myra," said Leona, "are you really engaged to Captain John Jackson?"

"Get out!" said Myra, with a sheepish smile. "I dunno whether I be or not."

The next day Leona came into her aunt's room with a pretty black-anddagger and loops innumerable of black ribbon.

"Look, Aunt Bliven!" said she. "What's that?" said the old woman, turning her spectacle glasses full on the

"I've been trimming a bonnet for you." "You might have saved yourself the

trouble," sharply spoke the matron. "But don't you like it?" pleaded Leona, who was beginning to tremble all promised wife.

"It's very nice, I dare say, but I'm very well suited already with what I've got. "But, Aunt Bliven-"

"Tain't worth while to discuss the matter," said Mrs. Bliven, drily. "I calculate I'm old enough to choose for myself what I'll wear and what I won't!"

Leona shrank into herself like the leaves of a sensitive plant; she crept back to her bedroom with the rejected triumph of home made millinery, and had a good cry over it. Presently she heard her aunt calling:

"Myra! Myra!" She ran out.

"Oh, Aunt Bliven, I had forgotten to tell you. Myra had a telegram from her sister up at Portland, and she had to run to catch the 10 o'clock train. Her sister's husband has had an accident, and I promised her I'd explain it to you. She'll be back as soon as they possibly can spare her, and I'm to do the housework while she is gone."

Old Mrs. Bliven sniffed discontentedly. "Seems to me people are always havin' accidents," said she. "However, you may go and pick some Lima beans and sweet corn, and we'll have a dish of good, old fashioned succotash. Myra is a good cook, butshe never could make succo-

Widow Sally Smith's to tea." lying athwart the closely mown grass building locomotive cabs, and eventually when old Toby was led to the door, and it cars. - Dixie.

Mrs. Bliven called loudly to Leona to

bring down her bonnet and shawl. The girl, who had no especial fancy for the society of Widow Sally Smith and her hard voiced daughters, listlessly obeyed.

But the moment she opened the "best

bedroom" door, where the old lady kept

her choicest treasures, she uttered a shriek of dismay. There, on the floor, in a series of jagged strips and indistinguishable debris, lay Mrs. Blivens's famous

"Goodness me!" cried a shrill voice, what's the matter?" And Leona became conscious that old Mrs. Bliven had toiled heavily up the stairs, and stood close beside her, peering over her shoulder. Her face grew black

Leghorn bonnet!

as night. "Oh, Aunt Bliven," gasped Leona,

'how could this have happened?" "I see through it all, plain enough," said Mrs. Bliven. "You needn't trouble to tell any lies about it, Leona Parish! I heard what you and Myra were talking about vesterday morning-about the old lady and the bonnet that was snipped to pieces and the blame laid on rats. It's a very smart, ingenious plan, I don't doubt; but somehow it don't suit me to have such very smart, ingenious folks "Old folks will be old folks," said about my premises. So, if you please, Myra Manton, "and the best plan is to I'll dispense with the rest of your visit. The horse and wagon are at the door, and little Peter will drive you to the depot as soon as ever you've packed your trunk.'

"But, Aunt Bliven, I never-" "I told you I'd have no more falsehoods," sternly interrupted the old lady. 'I don't know what sort of consciences you girls have, in this age of the world.

Be silent, I say, and obey me." And thus, in all the bitterness of unmerited disgrace, Leona was turned out of the house, that was beginning to be unspeakably dear to her.

James Bliven, when he came home, was thunderstruck.

"Mother, for heaven's sake," cried he, 'what is this? The girl has no place to go to." "Let her go back to the boarding-

school she came from!" said Mrs. Bliven, sternly. "I'll have no double-dealers in this house!" "I'll go after her and bring her back." "You'll do as you choose," said the

old woman; "but if Leona's the girl I take her to be, she won't come with you. A sudden wave of despair swept over James's soul as he recognized the truth of

these words. "Mother," he cried, "you'll forgive her! You'll send for her to return-for my sake, mother?"

But Mrs. Bliven shook her head. "No girl that isn't frank-hearted and true can have a home here!" she reiter-

Yet, in spite of all this, the house seemed strangely desolately without Leona's light step and winning smile.

Late at night there was a loud knocking at the door. It was Myra Manton, come lack.

"Things is all right," said she. They was frightened more than they was hurt. Absalom Atkins always was a coward, and I ain't goin' to spend any more o' my time foolin' with 'em; so I've come back. Was you surprised when you seen Waggy was gone? The dog," in answer to Mrs. Bliven's puzzled look, "that Cappen Jackson left in my charge. When I seen the mischief he'd done, I jest ketched him up and left him to Cappen's sister's Mary Ann Jackson, at the cross-roads, and afterward it occurred to me you might miss him and worry for fear he was

little "I never once thought of the dog," said Mrs. Bliven, impatiently. "And the bonnet?" said Myra. powerfully sorry, but-"

"The bonnet!" said Mrs. Bliven. What do you mean, Myra? What are

"You don't tell me you never diskivered it?" cried Myra, bursting into a laugh. "Well, I do declare. What did "Done what?"

"Why, worried that 'ere Leghorn hat o' your'n into ribbons! It was Waggy, that's who it was! Pups is always mischievous, and I think he's the worst I ever seen. I meant to told Deacon Shipman's boy, that helped me to tote my satchel to the daypo, to explain it t' ye, but we was pretty nigh bein' left, and flurry and fluster driv it all outen my head.

"Mrs. Bliven stared at Myra. "It was the dog, after all, then," said

"La me, who else did ve suspect?" cried Myra. "Where's Leona? I fetched home some o' them puce-colored poppy seeds and a slip o' rose geranium for her, 'caused I knowed-Goodness, what's the white straw bonnet, trimmed with a jet matter with you, eh? What are you looking at me that way for?"

By the very earliest morning train James Bliven went after Leona, with a letter from his mother imploring her to

"I'm an old woman," wrote Mrs. Bliven, "but I ain't too old to own when I've been in the wrong. Come back, and I'll guarantee you and me won't have any more quarrels."

Leona came back, and when once again she crossed the threshold she was James's

"Mother will be pleased at the engagement as I am myself," said the young

man, rapturously. And Myra's kind eyes shone a cordial welcome, and Mrs. Bliven herself came to meet Leona, wearing the simple straw bonnet with the jet dagger and the black ribbon bows.

"It's dreadful becoming," said she, with a complacent glance at the lookingglass, "and hereafter I mean to get you to trim all my hats for me, Leona."-Saturday Night.

The Coldest Spot and Coldest Day.

The coldest region in the United States is the stretch of country on the northern border from the Minnesota lakes to the western line of Dakota. At Pembina, which lies near the fortyninth parallel, the lowest temperature recorded in the great storm of the winter of 1873 was fifty-six degrees below zero. This is believed to be the lowest temperature reached in the United States .- Sar Francisco Examiner.

Steel vs Wood.

Steel seems to a great degree to be taking to a constantly increasing extent the place of wood in the construction of railway rolling stock. Truck frames, And in the afternoon we'll have made of hydraulically pressed steel plate, Toby harnessed up and drive over to are now produced, and it is proposed, by means of special shapes in which it may The long shadows of afternoon were be pressed, to use it in place of wood in

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "What Trouble is For."

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached to an overflowing congregation at the Brookiya Academy of Music

Before preaching he said that a mistaken notion was abroad that the insurance on his destroyed church was enough to rebuild. The repetition of disasters left us in debt. We have practically built three churches since I came to Brooklyn. First, the original Tabercame to Brooklyn. First, the original Taber nacle. Soon after that we made an enlargenacle. Soon after that we made an enlarge-ment that cost almost as much as a church. A few years after it all burned. Then we put up the building recently destroyed, and reared it in a time when the whole country was in its worst financial distress. It was these repeated disasters that left us in debt. My congregation have done magnificently, but any church would be one magnineently, but any church would be in debt after so many calamities. Now for the first time we are out of debt. But we need at least one hundred thousand dollars to build a church large enough, and we call on people of all creeds and all lands to help. Before I help dedicate a new church we must have every dollar of it paid. I will never again be pastor of a church in debt. It has again be pastor of a church in debt. It has crippled us in all our movements, and I shall never again wear the shackles. I have for the last sixteen years preached to about 5000 people sitting and standing, twice a Sabbath, but everybody knows that we need a place that will hold 8000 I shall not be surprised if some man of wealth shall not be surprised if some man of wealth shall say: "Here are a \$100,000 if you will snail say: "Here are a \$100,000 it you win
put up a memorial structure, and call it after
the name of my departed father or child
whose memory I want put before all nations
and for all time." And so it will be done.

TEXT: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii., 17.

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought, what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and asto the place of their grave. Tears of had as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and nad the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around us, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears! What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might

is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live? the famother homes, then have them all live? the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation: but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragwhere the state of a soluted in the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is: it is agony in solution.

Hear me, then, while I discourse to you of the uses of trouble.

First—It is the design of trouble to keep the would from heart to extracting.

this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial and use, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrants and my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet."

No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house.
To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an an-ther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How then are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Weil, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle

tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be awayous chiefly to know how he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geo-logical construction. Now he is chiefly anxions to know how the next world was made ious to know how the next world was mane, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I care a new heaven and a new earth." I saw a new heaven and a new earth The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelations is a prospectus now of the country into which he is to soon immigrate; the country into which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and trees

planted and mansions built.

The thought of that blessed place cor over me mightily, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were passengers on board it, and one hand could launch that ship into the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility and launch you all into glory with one stroke, holding on to the side of the boat until I could get in myself. And yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after a while you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and carbuncles and a pest of a wife that he wanted to see God. It was not until that he wanted to see God. the prodigal got tired of living among the hoge that he wanted to go to his Father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that if he had been present at the creation he could have made a better world than this. What a pity he was not present! I do not know what God will do when some men die. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they do nothing at all. We lay our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks hig. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets our great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I

was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I

said: "Certainly."

I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said: "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children; and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow. and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins con property. reins soon enough.

Can you not tell when you hear a man

pray, whether he has ever had any trouble I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why do women pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has had any trouble, his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a street deal of activations information that great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradually over beautifully tablelands to "forever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remem-

Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, and the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats and cried out: "O God, save us?" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of Once, on the Cincinnati express train, soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borne oprows on word and note all he can oprow. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house. After a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and selection help.

asks for help!

Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a hundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way! No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament

of life.

I tell you what some of you business men I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth; but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes and he is removed to the hospital." the hospital.
Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and

he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon.

Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: 'O Lord I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour He says: "Why did you not send for Mo before? As one whom his mother comforteth. so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all comforting God that we have

his ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate Again, it she the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe.

Grandmother knows all about that trou-Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three that is the life of the captain to her life of the captain the life of the captain that the life of the captain the life of the captain the life of the captain that life of the captain that life of the captain that life of the captain the life of the captain that life of the captain the life of the captain that life of the life o times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sizk. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters, and pouring out bitter drops, and shaking up hot pillows, and contriving things to tempt a pouring out bitter drops, and snaking up hot pillows, and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead, so she could look closer at the wound, it was three-fourths healed. And when the Lord took her home, atthough you may have been men and women thirty, forty, fifty years of age, you lay on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you wer only five or ten years of age. O man, prais God if you have in your memory the picture of an honest, sympathetic, kind, self sacrific-ing, Christ-like mother. Oh, it takes these people who have had trouble to comfort others he who have had trouble to comfort others in trouble. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has sene threath the carried man and has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of

sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day, than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the would set all the sons of mirth recing in the dance. I am a herb doctor. I put into the caldron the Root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the widerness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and

God will wipe all tears from their eyes You know on a well spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of Heaven. Lety the King's cup bearers come in. Good morning, Heaven! "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven. how is it possible that God will wipe any away? I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face! And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her re-sumed glee, and wiped off those delayed tears. So, I think, after the heavenly rap-tures have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittoring in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How well He

can do that.

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief, Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips or the ingers or the right nand, he shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they come to me for comfort and sympathy; but I have noticed that when the children get hurt and their mother is at home, they go right past their mother is at home, they go right past me and to her; I am of no account. So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to

of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Moses, or David or John.

These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus?" Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what a magnificent thing to die if Thou shalt thus wipe away our tears. Methink it will take us ome time to get used to heaven: the fruits of God without one speck; the fresh pastures without one nettle: the orchestra without one snapped string; the river of gladness without one torn bank; the solferinos and the saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in he eternal day that beams from God's

Why should I wish to linger in the wild, When Thou art waiting, Father, to receive Thy child? If we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for every day work. Prcfessor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hand a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me. And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites, and find them crystalizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven. 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eves.

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here. It is the difference between em-barkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumphial march there parting here and reunion there. Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land; but together, in different rooms of the same house-the

in different rooms of the same nouse—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never appreciated that thought so much as when we laid away in her last slumber as when we laid away in her last sithner my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself: "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saypatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile.'

I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone. No trouble getting good society for them. All Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses. In 1751 there was a bill offered in the English parliament proposing to change the almanac so that the 1st of March should come immediately after the 18th of February. But, oh, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in the eternal year of God! My friends, take this good cheer home

My friends, take this good cheer home with you, These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinuacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the few days that shall remain for us. The Saxons and the Britons main for us. The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no weapons at all; and yet history tells us the Britons got the wictory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times, "Hallelujah," and at the third shout of "Hallelujah," their enemies fled panic struck; and so the Břitons got

the victory. And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come, we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power of earth or hell could stand before us; and at our first shout the opposing forces would be-gin to tremble, and at our second shout they egin to fall back, and at our thir shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of halle-

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is

There we shall march up the heavenly street, And ground our arms at Jesus's feet.

MAYVILLE, N. Y., has the oldest apolicant for a pension in the country, if not in the world. His name is Philo Grant. He is in his 102d year, is as straight as an arrow, and has good eyesight. Until recently he has been able to do a good day's work, but owing to an accident is unable to perform manual labor, and has applied through the County Clerk for a dependent pension. He is a veteran of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war, and his mind is clear and he can talk intelligently upon most subjects. He is undoubtedly the oldest man in Chautauqua.

A VIENNA millionaire who died a short time ago had such an antipathy to darkness that he provided by will for an electric light to be kept burning in the vault during the entire year, the Interior of his coffin also to be electri-

THE extent to which "trial by newspaper" is carried on in New York raises the question, Are courts and juries necessary to convict, anyhow? Newsae is arrested, if not before.

RELIGIOUS READING.

When thou wakest in the morning. Ere thou tread the untried way Of the lot that lies before thee Through the coming busy day,
Whether sunbeams promise brightness .
Whether dim forebodings fall, Be thy dawning glad or gloomy, Go to Jesus—tell Him all!

In the calm of sweet communion Let thy daily work be done; In the peace of soul outpouring, Care be banished, patience won; And if earth with its enchantments. Seek the spirit to enthrall, Ere thou listen, ere thou answ Turn to Jesus-tell Him all!

Then, as hour by hour glides by thee, Thou wilt blessed guidance know; Thine own burdens being lightened, Thou canst bear another's woe; Thou canst help the weak ones onward, Thou canst raise up those that fall; But remember, while thou servest, Still tell Jesus—tell Him all!

And if weariness creep o'er thee As the day wears to its close, Or if sudden, fierce temptation Brings thee face to face with foes, In thy weakness, in thy peril, Raise to heaven a trustful call; Strength and calm for every crisis Come-in telling Jesus all.

New York State spends \$20,000 to supply its prisons with tobacco. And this tobacco just feeds the fires of appetite for liquor so that when the convicts come out they go at once for whisky and there is no salvation from their old habits.

TOBACCO IN PRISON.

GIVE ME YOUR BOY. The saloon must have boys or it must The saloon must have boys or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory, and unless it can get 2,000,000 boys from each generation for raw material, some of these factories must close out, and its operatives must be thrown on a cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle. "Wanted 2,000,000 boys." is the notice. One family out of every five must.

dwindle. "Wanted 2,000,000 boys." is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will the? The minotaur of Crete had to have a tribe? The minotaur of Crete had to have a trireme full of fair maidens each year: but the
minotaur of America demands a city full of
boys each year. Are you a father? Have
you given your share to keep up the supply
for this great public institution that is helping to pay your taxes and kindly electing
public officials for you? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has
led to give more them, its hare. Are you had to give more than its share. Are you selfishly voting to keep the saloon open to grind up boys, and then doing nothing to keep up the supply?—Selected.

DENIED. YET ANSWERED.

When Augustine, in his home at Carthage resolved to visit Rome, his mother wished either to prevent him from going, or to go with him. He would listen to neither proposal, and resorted to a trick to carry out his plan. One evening he went to the sea-shore and his mother followed. There were two chapels dedicated to the memory of the martyr Cyprian, and he pressed her to spend martyr Cyprian, and he pressed her to spend one evening in the church of the martyr, while he would accompany a friend on board a ship, there to say farewell. While she was there in tears, praying and wrestling with God to prevent the voyage. Augustine sailed for Italy, and his deceived mother next morning found herself alone. In quiet resignation she returned to the city and continued to pray for the salvation of her son. Though meaning well, yet she erred in her prayers. meaning well, yet she erred in her prayers, for the journey of Augustine was the means of his salvation. The denial of the prayer was, in fact, the answering of it. Instead of the husk, God granted rather the substance of her petition in the conversion of her son.
"Therefore," said he, "O God, thou hast regard to the aim and essence of her desires, and didst not do what she then prayed for, that thou mightst do for me what she continually implored."—Anon.

J. R. LOWELL ON RELIGION.

"I fear that when we indulge ourselves in the amusement of going without a religion, we are not perhaps, aware how much we are sustained at present by an enormous mass all about us of religious feelings and relig ous convictions, so that, whatever it may be safe for us to think—for us who have had great advantages, and have been brought up n such a way that a certain moral direction has been given to our character—I do not know what would become of the less-favored classes of mankind if they undertook

to play the same game.
"Whatever defects and imperfections may attach to a few points of the doctrinal sys-tem of Calvin—the bulk of which was simply what all Christians believed—it will be found that Calvinism, or another ism which claims an open Bible and proclaims a crucitied and risen Christ, is infinitely prefera-ble to any form of polite and polished skepticism, which gathers as its votaries the degenerated sons of heroic an-cestors, who, having been trained in a society and educated in schools, the foundations of which were laid by men of faith and piety, now turn and kick down the ladder by which they have climbed up, and persuade men to live without God, and

leave them to die without hope.

"The worst kind of religion is no religion at all, and these men, living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the 'amusement of going without religion,' may be thankful that they live in lands where the George that they neglect has tamed the Gospel that they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of skep-ticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square, where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, sup-porting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is reverenced infancy protected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard; when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the Gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way, and laid the foundation and made decency and security pos-sible, it will be in order for the skeptical lit-erati to move thither and there ventilate their views. But as long as these men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope, and humanity of its faith in that Savior who alone has given to man that hope of life ternal which makes to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its

Frances E. Willard thus beautifully describes her experience when she entirely consecrated herself to the service of her Saviour: "I cannot describe the deep well-ing up of joy that gradually possessed me. I was utterly free from care. I was bithe as a bird that is good for nothing except to sing. I did not ask myseif 'Is this my duty?' but just intruntively knew what I was called upon to do. The conscious, emo-tional presence of Christ through the Holy Spirit held me. I ran about on his errands just for love? Life was a haleyon day. All my friends knew and noticed the change, and I would not like to write down the lovely things some of them said to me; but they did me no harm, for I was shut in with the Lord."

THREE fishermen off the Florida coast in a small boat were attacked by gray eagle the other day. They were watching the majestic flight of the proud bird of freedom, when it suddenly soared high above them and hen came down with a tremendous swoop, just missing the head of one of the men. It made several such atpapers often convict a man as soon as tacks, and was only beaten off by a rigorous use of fishpoles.

TEMPERANCE.

THANKSGIVING.

Plenty of peace sit smiling here, We thank the Giver of all good For the large loaf of needed food, The product of a plenteous year. Here commerce spreads her sails of snow Here anvils ring and forges glow, Here freely swings the school-house doo Here science sweeps the starlit floor.

Have not our days been golden days.
In happy homes where honor dwells?
Music and song the story tells
Of hearts that overflow with praise,
For gifts from the sweet heaven above.
For filial and parental love,
For health and life and the good cheer

Which crown another prosperous year.

Our bins are filled with golden wheat
From fruitful fields, hard labor tilled.
Orchards and vineyards here have filled
Our vaults with unspoiled uices* sweet.
In grateful praise we lift our eyes
To Him who gave us genial skies,
And blessed the nation at its task
With daily bread for which we ask.

The Benjamin of nations born, Our land no needed blessings lack, The loving cup is in the sack, With shekels hid amid the corn; Upon the just and the unjust The rain has fallen on the dust, And from it food abundant springs, Fit for a continent of Kings.

*Canned fruits.
G. W. Burgay, in Temperance Advocate.

·EVILS OF ALCOHOL. The evil wrought by alcoholic drink is now acknowledged and proclaimed by all theorgans of public opinion. It undermines health, enfeebles the will, coarsens the mind and inflames animal passions. It separates husbands and wives, divides families and deprives children of the home influence which nothing else can supply. It lowers the standard of morals, fills prisons and insane asylums with its victims, and feeds the germs of corruption in the body politic. It is, in a word, the cause of the occasion of four-fifths of the grime by which our national life is discrime by which our national life is dis-graced.—Bishop Spalding.

THE REAL CONTRIBUTORS.

THE REAL CONTRIBUTORS.

The Chicago brewers are being congrated lated for their generosity in subscribins \$200,000 to the Chicago World's Fair fund, but how would it do to give a part of the credit to the real contributors—the impover-ished wage-workers, the distressed wives and mothers, and pinched and starving children, whose living, passing through the channels of the liquor traffic, has made the brewers so wealthy that they can subscribe this large sum without feeling it, even if they had not the prospect of getting it all back again, and very much more besides, if the Exposition should be held in Chicago?—The Pioneer. very much more besides, it the Es

MORAL AND LEGAL EFFORT. Moral sussion and moral force is one of the foundation-stones of the temperance re-form, and must ever and continually be maintained. To make, to sell, or to drink is to have part in sin and wickedness of the re-sults. The appeal to the conscience is one of the strongest weapons in this warfare. Rev. Dr. Ecob says: "Every man who touches, tastes or handles this accursed thing is a sin-ner against man and before God." This is one of the strongest arguments for the absoone of the strongest arguments for the absolute prohibiton of the traffic that can be presented. The sin of the drink habit and presented. The sin of the drink habit and drink traffic must be proclaimed so long as the drink exists, and until it is banished from

the face of the earth.

Moral suasion and moral effort, however, can never have much more than a few individual triumphs here and there so long as the strong arm of the State is thrown around the liquor traffic, and it is legalized and sanctioned and protected by statutes and Government officers. "Regulation" cannot regulate this "gigantic crime of crimes." The power and support of the State must be taken from the saloon and be placed around the home. The saloon must be outlawed and the individual protected. Then and only then can moral sussion have its full and rightful the face of the earth. can moral sussion have its full and rightful influence. Moral and legal effort joined hand in hand will as surely bring the victory as there is a God in heaven who favors right-coursess and disapproves of sin and all iniquity.—National Advocate.

THE BEER-DRINKERS.

The World recently sent out a reporter The World recently sent out a reporter to a number of the big breweries of New York city to see if there was any truth in the wonderful stories told of the drinking habits of brewery employes, and it claims that the wildest stories are not exaggerated. Brewery hands are generally furnished, free gratis, with all the beer they can drink, and the World man says that they take advantage of this privilege of the extent of from this privilege often to the extent of from forty to one hundred glasses daily. One monumental beer-guzzler, who tips the scale at 330 pounds, has a record of 140 glasses in a at 30 pounds, has a record of 140 glasses in a single day. "Our men," said one brewer, "drink twenty to thirty glasses a day." Another declared: "The average number of glasses drunk by our people during a day is seventy-five apiece, each glass holding half a pint. We have a few brilliant stars who consider 100 classes per diem to be only ordinary. sider 100 glasses per diem to be only ordinary exercise." But what stars! Six of them weighed 1520 pounds. If men were to be valned for the same qualities as are considered to constitute excellence in hogs, no doubt all the prizes at any exhibition of human anthe prizes at any exhibition of human animals would be carried off by some of these brewery hands. Their only competitors would be some of their best customers.

For all beer-drinkers the Brewers Journal

places the consumption of beer in the United States in 1879 : at 7.05 gallons per capita, while in 1889 it had increased seventy-seven per cent. to 12:48 gallons. During these years the consumption of beer in England and Germany remained about stationary, being 32.88 gallons in England, and 24.99 gallons in Germany. These figures show two things: First, that while in England and Germany the per capita amount of lloud Germany the per capita amount of liquor consumed has remained the same during the last ten years, yet in this country it has increased during that short period seventy-seven per cent. And second, that the ave-rage German imbibes two and the English three times as freely as the American. Yet drunkenness is more common in this country.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. A boy five years old was treated in a private hospital in Berlin for delirium trem Nearly two hundred new W. C. T. U. unions have been organized in Pennsylvania

this year. It is estimated that \$10,000 is spent for drink on an average steamship from England to Australia.

The Cadiz (Ohio) Flambeau estimates that the liquor traffic takes one boy from every fifth household.

In Germany lifty per cent. of the poor and seventy per cent. of the criminal are incorrigible drinkers.

The total number of licenses in Great Britain and Ireland for the sale of intoxicat-The keeper of the morgus in New York city states that four-fifths of the 5000 bodies

that reach the city dead-house every year are sent there by drunkenness. Mrs. John Greenway, widow of the late millionaire brewer of Syracuse, New York, has been pronounced by the courts an habi-tual drunkard and deprived of the control of her husband's vast estate.

"I have treated nearly seven thousand case of inebriety, and eight-tenths of that number originated from wine and malt liquors," says Albert Day, M. D., Superintendent of the Washingtonian Home at Boston.

San Obispo, Cal., a town of 1300 inhabitants, supports eighty saloons. A local W. C. T. U. secretary, in trying to raise funds for a building for the union, exclaims: "Help us, for our children are being eaten like bread before our eyes."

An Episcopal rector recently opened a temperance meeting by reading the ten commandments, prefacing the act with these suggestive words: "I will read the Decalogue, every one of whose commands is constantly violated in the saloon."

Great Britain has at least three distinguished military commanders who are total abstainers, viz.: Sir Robert Thayer, commander-in-chief of Her Majesty's armies in Bombay; Sir Henry Ramsey, late com-mander of a province in India, and Sir Charles Bernard, commander of Burmah during the late Burmese war.

during the late Burmese war.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger wrote in a letter to that paper: "In a tenement house on Eighteenth street an officer found Daniel Hynes and his wife lying dead drunk on the floor, with their little five-year-old son Daniel sitting astride his father's body, playing "horse," and an infant child, ten months old, lying dead on a table. The imagination of Gough never painted a sadder picture of the damning effects of drink."